

CUPID EN ROUTE

glance at the two passengers who lingered on the platform ere he disappeared into the coach. The little station with its one dim light slipped away.

"I almost hate to leave it," whispered Prue.

"And I," he answered.

"It's a dear little place," she sighed happily. "St. Anselme. Do you know what Anselme means, sir?"

"It means happiness to me, Sweetheart."

"It means the protection of God. Doesn't that seem like a good omen—Wade?"

"Yes, dear," he answered devoutly.

Presently she drew away from him and smoothed her hair under the absurd felt hat, laughing softly.

"Now," she said, "we must get ready to face Auntie!"

"And I," he said, "must write a telegram."

"A telegram?"

"To Dave."

"Oh! And what are you going to say?"

